

TO MY DARLING

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

FERDINAND H. LOHMAN





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TO MY DARLING  
—AND—  
OTHER POEMS

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BY

FERDINAND H. LOHMAN



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To  
My old maternal friend,  
Mrs. Caroline Sack Heggi,  
Home for the Aged,  
Des Moines, Iowa,  
This Book  
Is affectionately dedicated.



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# TO MY DARLING.

## THOU ART THE WORLD TO ME.

The hawthorns are in blossom,  
The flowers deck the lea;  
I do not care for flowers—  
I only think of thee.  
Thou'rt lovelier than flowers  
That deck the sunny lea;  
My darling, O my darling,  
Thou art the world to me.

The birdies fill the greenwoods  
With merry songs of glee;  
I do not care for birdies,  
I only think of thee.  
Thy voice by far is sweeter  
Than birdies' song of glee;  
My darling, O my darling,  
Thou art the world to me.

## To My Darling

---

The sunshine lies on meadows,  
The golden gleam I see;  
I do not care for sunshine,  
I only think of thee.  
Thy glances dim the sunshine  
That brightens flow'ry lea;  
My darling, O my darling,  
Thou art the world to me.

The young folks spring are praising,  
And woo 'neath shady tree;  
I do not care for springtime,  
I only think of thee.  
There is no spring without thee,  
Without thy smiles of glee;  
My darling, O my darling,  
Thou art the world to me.

## To My Darling

---

### IN HER ALBUM.

The roses blush when they behold thy beauty,  
The sun shines brighter when he sees thee  
smile;

And love and joy thy footsteps follow,  
And happy dreams the heart beguile;

O come! Let all enjoy such happy dream-  
ing,

Start in each heart sweet love's effulgent  
flame,

And through thy captivating beauty  
The glory of our Lord proclaim.

## To My Darling

---

### DARLING, GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.  
We love each other so fondly and well,  
If ever we'll meet again, who can tell?  
Oh, cruel the fate which now drives us apart,  
And bitter the woe that is smiting the heart.  
Thy rapturous smiles and thy glances so  
bright

Illumined life's pathway with heavenly light.  
Farewell, O my darling, thou sun of my life,  
Away I must wander and face the world's  
strife!

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.

Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.  
I never knew joy which thou didst not share,  
Thy presence made beauteous things more  
fair.

The dazzling bright sun, he waxed dim in  
the skies,

Whenever I saw not thy luminous eyes.

The earth lost its beauty, the world had no  
joys,

When hushed thy bewitching, melodious  
voice.

## To My Darling

---

Farewell, O my darling, thou joy of my  
heart,  
Fate tears us asunder, farewell, we must  
part.  
Good-bye, my sweet darling, good-bye.

## To My Darling

---

### HAPPY DAYS.

My darling, when I think of thee  
And of the golden time,  
When both our hearts were full of glee,  
And life was in its prime;  
Then spring again the founts of joy  
From all their hidden rills,  
And happiness without alloy  
The heart with rapture fills.

O happy days! O joyous times!  
When we were young and gay,  
The birdies taught us tuneful rhymes,  
Joy dripped from ev'ry spray.  
The flowers beamed with happiness  
Whene'er thy face they spied.  
Ah, ne'er before such loveliness  
They in the world described.

And when we went through dewy glade,  
Thy face with smiles so bland;  
I saw it mirrored in each blade,  
That decked the verdant land.  
The babbling brook its waters stayed  
To watch thy beauty rare.

## To My Darling

---

It nowhere had in flow'ry glade  
E'er seen a maid so fair.

Within the sturdy oak tree's shade  
We rested from our walk,  
I with thy silken tresses played,  
The mouths refused to talk.  
With throbbing heart and burning face  
My lips on thine I pressed,  
Well sheltered by my arm's embrace,  
Thou rested on my breast.

The streams of joy that circle earth,  
To us their fullness brought,  
With notes of Heaven's purest mirth,  
The coaxing breeze was fraught.  
O happy days! O joyous times!  
When hearts were full of glee;  
We daily sang the little rhymes  
I coined in praise of thee.

## To My Darling

---

### THOU ART NEAR.

Ah, once only I held thy yielding hands in  
mine,  
And my trembling arm thy graceful form  
encircled!  
But ne'er shall I forget the magic of thy  
touch.  
The sombre cloud that hitherto had veiled  
The vaulted orb of Heaven rent in twain.  
A celestial, admiring glare broke dazzling  
through  
The blue abyss, and with a supernal beauty  
It clothed the animated mundane objects,  
As if God, Himself, had left His throne on  
high,  
And wrapped all things in garments of His  
glory.  
Ah! How sanctified the earth appeared,  
When thou wast near, and things enchanted  
stood  
In mute admiration of thy unearthly beauty.  
The stately trees stooped low and vied  
To spy the glory which thy form sent forth.  
The blushing, queenly roses hid themselves  
for shame

## To My Darling

---

At their insignificance of which they now  
    became aware.  
The little flowers opened wide their adoring  
    eyes  
That thy resplendent presence might enhance  
    their beauty.  
The purling spring, the mirror of thy bright-  
    ness,  
Reluctantly bade farewell to his furrowed  
    home,  
And made moist his banks with tears of  
    bitter sorrow,  
That he, departing, would no more behold  
    thy radiant form.  
And when thou openest wide thy luminous  
    eyes,  
Those heavenly, seraphic spheres of thine,  
The sun itself grew pale with envy;  
For all things shone with so divine a lustre  
Ne'er known before; none e'er beheld so  
    sublime a glance.  
The smiles that parted thy rubin-colored  
    Elysian lips  
Fell back reflected from every illumined  
    nook  
Which caught the radiance of thy rapturous  
    smile.  
Thy voice long held imprisoned in thy rose-  
    ate bosom's depth,

## To My Darling

---

At last awoke, and gave birth to thousand  
melodies  
Before unheard on earth, known only to the  
winged seraphs  
That enliven spheres unknown to earth-born  
beings.  
The wind that had gone to rest into his dis-  
tant lair,  
Awoke and stirred the towering trees, the  
gleesome birds, the gorgeous flowers,  
And filled the air with endless echoes of thy  
song.  
One by one when the magic spell was broken  
Into which thy bewitching voice had thrown  
them,  
They filled the earth with praises of thy  
supernal lay.  
Even the poor, dumb rocks took up the ma-  
jestic sound,  
And vibrated audibly their adoration in the  
astonished air.  
Where'er I go, where'er I rest, all things  
portray thy godlike form to me.  
Where'er I close my eyes, the air is filled  
with echoes of thy voice.  
How, then, can I forget? If thou be far  
In company with angels that add new graces  
to thy beauty,

## To My Darling

---

The harbingers of love, the voluptuous  
winds,  
Breathe words of love into my enraptured  
ear:  
I see thy form, I hear thy voice; thou art  
near.

## To My Darling

---

### I THINK OF HER ALL DAY.

She is the object of my song,  
I think of her all day;  
Of her I dream the whole night long,  
Although she's far away.

The roses bloom, the birds rejoice,  
I think of her all day;  
Where'er I go, I hear her voice,  
Although she's far away.

The hours will come, the hours will flee,  
I think of her all day;  
In darkest night her face I see,  
Although she's far away.

If she be near, if she be far,  
I think of her all day;  
For aye she'll be my guiding-star,  
Although she's far away.

## To My Darling

---

### TRANSLATIONS.

#### SONG.

(VOLKSLIED.)

The sun shines so wondrous bright,  
'Tis sweet to roam;  
Yet far brighter the sunshine  
At my sweet love's home.

The golden stars scintillate  
From the blue dome;  
Yet far brighter they glisten  
At my sweet love's home.

So I shall not wander more,  
Shall cease to roam;  
For most beautiful it is  
At my sweet love's home.

## To My Darling

---

### ZULEIKHA.

(BODENSTEDT.)

Not with angels in azure heaven's reign,  
Not with roses on fragrant flow'ry plain,  
E'en not with the sun's dazzling golden  
    glare,  
Zuleikha, my love, I shall compare.

For the bosoms of angels true love scorn,  
Under blossoms of roses lurks the thorn,  
And the sun hides at night its dazzling glare,  
Zuleikha, with these, I'll not compare.

Within earth and blue heaven's wide do-  
    main,  
The eyes search for things to match her in  
    vain;  
Without thorns, full of love, and lasting  
    glare,  
With herself alone, I can her compare.

## To My Darling

---

### THROW ASIDE THE VEIL.

(BODENSTEDT.)

Throw aside the veil! Why hid'st thou thy  
face?

Doth the flower of the garden hide its grace?  
And has God not made thee, like the flower  
fair,

To embellish the earth with thy beauty rare?  
Created He this beauty, this brilliancy,  
To see it perish in gloomy obscurity?

Throw aside the veil! Let the world be  
aware,

That upon earth, like thou, no maiden so  
fair!

Let thy eyes with heart-stirring lustre beam,  
Let the blandest smiles from thy rosy lips  
gleam,

Let, fair one, no other shroud hide thee from  
sight

As the veil in which shrouds thee the dark-  
ness of night.

## To My Darling

---

Throw aside the veil! Such a face ne'er saw  
At Stambul the harem of the padishah—  
Ne'er were two eyes so bright and fair  
Embroidered by the lashes' long silken hair—  
Then throw aside the veil, and let thy eye's  
glance  
Bring thee new triumphs, the beholder en-  
trance.

## To My Darling

---

### SONG.

(HAHN-HAHN.)

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,  
I'd love no one but thee;  
Deep in my heart I'd cherish  
Thee only, only thee.  
And all my happiness and glee  
I only in thy eyes would see.

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,  
How bright the world would be;  
No other thought I'd cherish,  
Then still to gaze at thee;  
And absorbed in my heart's glee  
The world I would forget to see.

Ah! if thou wert my dear one,  
Till I had closed my e'e,  
Above I would be saying  
On through eternity:  
"In Heaven's range there is no glee,  
If I, my love, thy eyes not see!"

## To My Darling

---

### IF I WERE THE SUN.

?

If I were the bright sun,  
Thou wouldst walk in an ocean of light,  
While round thee, beloved one,  
All should grope in the darkness of night.

## To My Darling

---

### SONG.

(HEINE.)

Thou art like a flower,  
So sweet and pure and fair;  
I view thee, and deep sadness  
Now fills my heart with care.

I feel as if God's blessing  
For thee I should entreat,  
And pray, that He might keep thee,  
So fair and pure and sweet.

## To My Darling

---

### THE GREETING OF FLOWERS.

(GOETHE.)

The wreath that I have sent thee,  
Greets thee a thousand times!  
How often I have bent me,  
Ah, many thousand times!  
With it in thoughts I've blent thee,  
A hundred thousand times.

THE LITTLE COT.

(GLEIM.)

I only have a little cot;  
It stands upon a meadow-lot,  
Beside a brook that's fair to see,  
Come, go into the hut with me!

Near the low hut stands a tall tree,  
For which thou scarce the hut canst see;  
And it protects from storm and rain  
All those that in the hut remain.

Upon a bough the nightingale  
Sings of his love the sweetest tale;  
And all who pass along that way,  
Remain to listen to his lay.

Now, maiden with the flaxen hair,  
With whom I long my joy to share,  
O come, for rough winds shake the tree;  
Come, go into the hut with me.

## To My Darling

---

### HAPPINESS.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

In ev'ry house where love resides,  
There brightest sunshine, too, abides,  
And though it be a lowly cot,  
Yet spring will not forget this spot.

Fair spring, the lowly cot will greet  
With living green and flowers sweet,  
She places joy in chests and tills,  
With joy she our glasses fills.

And when at the last ev'ning-ray  
Death to our door shall find his way,  
We gladly then extend our hand,  
He leads us to a better land.

## To My Darling

---

### FAREWELL, MY LOVE.

(BAUMBACH.)

Farewell, my love ! the morn is near;  
Farewell, for we must sever—  
A bitter thing is parting, dear,  
Bedewed it is with sorrow's tear.  
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

On me bestow a smile of glee,  
Before we part forever.  
Ah ! much thy love has done for me,  
And gladly would I stay with thee—  
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

Near yonder brook the willows grow,  
Their branches weeping ever—  
A leaflet whirls to earth below,  
Who knows, ah, whither it will blow.  
Farewell, sweet love, forever.

## To My Darling

---

### SONG.

(VOLKSLIED.)

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!  
Now then, while I must part,  
Kiss me, before I start.

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!  
Thy love for me retain,  
True to thee I remain,  
Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!  
Weep not thy eyes full red,  
We e'en not part, when dead.  
Dear one, I go! Parting gives woe!

## To My Darling

---

### WHEN TWO HEARTS PART FOR-EVER.

(GEIBEL.)

When two hearts part forever,  
That love each other well,  
Such grief as this does never  
In other bosoms dwell.

Ah! How the word sounds sad and drear;  
Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.

When two hearts part forever,  
That love each other well.

When I was well assured  
Love would no longer stay,  
The golden sun grew lurid,  
To night was changed the day,  
With accents clear it struck my ear:  
Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.

When I was well assured  
Love would no longer stay.

My spring of life is flowing  
Adown time's mystic stream;

## To My Darling

---

For lips that once were glowing,  
With smiles no longer gleam,  
This single word they spoke so clear:  
    Farewell, farewell, forever, dear.  
My spring of life is flowing  
    Adown time's mystic stream.

## To My Darling

---

### TO A MESSENGER.

(VOLKSLIED.)

If you to my sweet love come,  
Say: I send my greeting;  
If she ask you: how I fare?  
Say: That I am fleeting;  
If she ask you: if I'm sick?  
Say: I died of sorrow;  
If she then begin to cry,  
Say: I'd come to-morrow.

b.

## To My Darling

---

### LOVE-SONG.

(GEIBEL.)

From many things derive we pleasure,  
So many things us solace bring,  
The heaven with its robe of azure,  
The flowers of the verdant spring.  
But do I know a greater treasure,  
Than worldly joy in boundless measure,  
Or flowers and the azure sky;  
To nourish in this world's commotion  
A sweet and genuine devotion,  
Revealed alone to Heaven's eye.

To whom such blessing was conceded,  
Let him be glad and full of cheer,  
Tranquility his bosom greeted,  
Amid fierce turmoil's wild career.  
When by affliction he is haunted,  
'Mid sorrow's pangs he stands undaunted,  
Love is his firm retreat and shield,  
She guides him through life's complications,  
Through heart-corroding tribulations,  
Sees flowers bright on snowy fields.

## To My Darling

---

In vain we seek on paths delusive  
True love among this world's distress,  
Like dew from heaven's wave effusive  
Springs love, enhanced by God's caress,  
Like odor by the wind is wafted,  
The moon in silver cloud is rafted  
At night across the starry sky;  
Receive not love with looks redoubted,  
But greet with humbleness devoted  
The messenger of God on high.

With love there comes an apprehension,  
A dreaming, longing unaware,  
With joy you must bear wild contention,  
Till love has fallen to your share.  
With noble purpose efficacious,  
Subdue your selfishness pervacious,  
Self-love dethrone without demur;  
Then is your life well consecrated,  
The God-born essence animated  
Will be your cheerful congener.

Of all supernal gifts designed  
To bless the earth-born son of man,  
Love was by God's device assigned  
To hold our self-love under ban;  
O, glad receiving, sweet combining,  
Mutual love now intertwining,  
To lose is here the greatest gain!

## To My Darling

---

By giving kinder thoughts are leared,  
By taking purer joys are reared,  
Love rends her heart without complaint.

In your face her sweet smiles are beaming,  
In her kind eyes your tears do flow;  
And all your striving, longing, dreaming,  
If yours, if hers, who darest to know.  
As if two bushes were converging,  
From which young roses are emerging  
Of glossy colors, red and white;  
We can not trace the stems maternal  
For which the roses spring fraternal,  
We only see the flowers bright.

Forth from the fount of life is rushing  
A lucid spring of sweetest joy,  
The heaven-aspiring fount is gushing  
Eternal youth without alloy.  
The flowers of love will rise victorious,  
Powers of youth will lead us glorious  
As victors through our earthly strife.  
In vain will death exhaust its quiver,  
On love's firm shield his missiles shiver;  
Love gains for us immortal life.

## To My Darling

---

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

#### IMMORTALITY.

No noble thought, no noble deed, will die.  
Forever will they live, forever inspire  
Mankind to greater deeds, to higher spheres  
of life.

On Calvary Hill a Martyr breathed his last  
breath

Amid a brutal rabble's howl and scoff.  
He did not die. His spirit lives. His words  
and deeds since then

Have cheered and exalted countless people  
To realms of love and thought not known  
before.

His words still echo through the avenues of  
ages,

And hearts of millions now thrill with a  
heroic spirit,

To face untold torments, and even death,  
In spreading wide His words of kindness and  
of love.

No noble thought. no noble deed will die.

## To My Darling

---

No woman's voice was heard to rile the  
Martyr's heart;  
No hand she lifted to augment His torture.  
She stood there, with weeping eyes, applying  
    balm of love  
To bosom torn and bleeding with affliction's  
    woe.  
Is her deed lost? Ah, no! Numberless  
    Marias,  
Animated and made strong by her divine  
    compassion,  
Mete out with ample hands their boundless  
    innate wealth,  
And strew seeds of burning thoughts and  
    supernal love,  
To be garnered by harvesters unborn now,  
Mankind will continue its triumphal march  
As long as from woman's heart leaps forth  
The inspiring flame of a grand and noble  
    sacrifice,  
And lights in men's bosoms an imperishable  
    longing  
To feed their souls with thoughts of Heav-  
    enly mould.  
No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

The little birds that enliven solitudes  
And untiringly pour forth their gleesome  
    melodies,

## To My Darling

---

Not knowing if their tuneful lays will vibrate  
In a conscious breast alive with a celestial  
fire;  
The small flowers that adorn the dells and  
glens  
And breathe sweet incense in the balmy air,  
Unheedful they are if their enticing beauty  
Ever brings gladness to a mortal soul;  
The thousand melodies of the forest's  
winged denizens,  
The graceful beauty that springs forth from  
earth's prolific lap;  
Are these for naught? Ask the Ettrick  
Shepherd and the Ayrshire Plowman,  
Their souls those heavenly messages caught  
And coined the notes and beauty into songs  
That will awake immortal strains in hearts  
of future bards.  
No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

Icarus boldly spread his artful pinions  
And soared upward into the shining blue  
abyss.  
What mattered it that short his lofty flight  
And failure and death the reward he met?  
To-day Icaruses rise in every land;  
A Zeppelin triumphantly now skims the  
aerial heights.

## To My Darling

---

Take courage, then! Aim high! Dare, do,  
and, if need be, die!  
Thy daring, noble deed and short-spanned  
life,  
In a kindred breast may fan a holy spark,  
Till it will burst into flames of dazzling  
brightness  
And illuminate an astounding and applaud-  
ing world.  
'Tis better far to be a short-lived meteor,  
Whose glaring gleam attracts the eyes of  
multitudes,  
And leads them to behold the wonders of the  
starry skies,  
Than to live for centuries, tortoise-like, in  
dark ocean's slime.  
No noble thought, no noble deed will die.

They do not die who are ordained by fate  
To dwell in lowly hut, in narrow vale,  
And who daily season their small crumbs  
with bitter tears.  
Their brave endurance, and divine fealty to  
duty,  
A benign sunshine cast in other hearts,  
And uplift some sufferers' souls to purer at-  
mospheres.  
No tear is shed in vain; a sacred mission is  
its lot.

## To My Darling

---

It floods away all stains that mar the beauty  
of the soul,  
And purifies the spirit for the holy work,  
To brighten other lives and lead the way to  
realms  
Of everlasting sunshine and eternal bliss.  
Although thy life is spent in lonely vale,  
grieve not,  
If there is one soul whom thou canst guide  
to starry heights,  
And beautify his humble life with joyful  
visions.  
No noble thought, no noble deed, will die.

## To My Darling

---

### WOMAN'S VOICE.

(After reading Watson's "The Woman With The Serpent's Tongue".)

A woman's voice! How soft and mild,  
When, o'er the couch of weeping child,  
A mother bends with loving eyes  
And wakes the echoes of the skies  
With slumber songs so sweet and clear,  
That on this circling mundane sphere  
No music can approach the voice  
Which causes Angels to rejoice.  
Soon lulled by the enchanting tone,  
To land of dreams the child has flown.

Is there a voice whose music clear  
Can deeper ravish human ear,  
And bind the hearer with its charms,  
As when, with blushing cheeks, her arms  
A maid around her lover flings  
And coyly breathes her whisperings  
Of confidence and heartfelt love?  
No messenger from realms above  
Has such a sweet and tender voice  
And brings to hearts more purer joys.

## To My Darling

---

Within a room of little space,  
With pallid cheeks and haggard face,  
Upon a couch of comfort bare  
A suff'rer lies with vacant stare.  
Who rouses him from stupor's dream,  
Restores to eyes their vivid gleam?  
A woman, with a voice as mild  
As the first lisps of little child.  
To him who on the couch there lies,  
It sounds like tunes from Paradise.

Of all the men who people led,  
With mental wealth our souls have fed,  
To their inquiring, searching eyes,  
A mother pointed to the skies.  
"Advance," she cried, "when cowards  
shrink,  
You'll reach the shining far-off brink—  
Give birth to thoughts of love and grace,  
Eternity can not efface.  
Immortal deeds wrought by your hand  
Shall shower blessings on each land!"

Thus, women's voices powers wield  
To which we all in homage yield,  
They speed the thoughts that bless our  
life,  
And soften brutal earthly strife.  
Woe to the land, where God's best gift

## To My Darling

---

Does not to higher level lift  
The men who, sunk in lust and gain,  
Refuse to join in the refrain:  
"To starry heights the guide is she!  
Woman, lead on, we'll follow thee!"

## To My Darling

---

### MAY SONG

Come away, come away!  
Come and greet our glorious May,  
Where the little birds are singing  
And the copse with flowers is gay,  
Where the lily bells are swinging  
And with notes of joy are ringing;  
Beauty heralds glorious May.

Come away, come away!  
Come and greet our glorious May.  
Hark! Young spring the woods is filling  
With his tuneful heavenly lay.  
And fresh joy in hearts instilling  
That with bitter woes are thrilling;  
Come and hail our glorious May!

## To My Darling

---

### OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Our country's flag, a glorious sight  
Whene'er it passes by;  
Its folds, bright in the sunny light,  
Cheer the admiring eye.

And ev'ry cap flies in the air  
That rings with loud huzza!  
Where is a sight that is as fair?  
Our glorious flag—hurrah!

Thou art the emblem of the free,  
Of valor and of right;  
Whene'er thy folds in war we see,  
It is in righteous fight.

Beneath thy folds our fathers stood  
And faced oppression's wrongs;  
For freedom's cause they shed their blood,  
While singing joyous songs.

Thou glorious flag! O, mayst thou wave  
Forever o'er the land,  
Forever foul oppression brave  
For right and freedom stand!

## To My Darling

---

### THE FLAG I LOVE.

Thou flag of my great native land,  
My heart I give to thee;  
On earth there waves no other flag  
That is so dear to me.

Thy stars led on the heroes brave  
To everlasting fame;  
Forever is their glory bright  
Entwineth with thy name.

My love to thee shall speed me on  
To deeds of high renown,  
If it need be, like Warren bold,  
To wear a martyr's crown.

Then wave, dear flag, and cheer the  
hearts  
As in the days of yore;  
And with immortal thoughts fill thou  
The hearts for evermore.

## To My Darling

---

### TEXAS.

My home! Is there another land  
That such rich beauties shows  
As thou, when Spring with lavish hand  
His garment o'er thee throws?  
Thy prairies wide sweet incense yield  
Of flowers wondrous fair,  
The virgin bloom in Eden's field  
Had not such beauty rare.  
Thy crystal streams and sunny vales,  
They make the sad heart light;  
Sweet songs resound in all thy dales  
Of birds with plumage bright.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,  
Wherever I may roam,  
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,  
To thee, my native home.

When Eve, wrought by the hands of God,  
First greeted Adam's eye,  
Where'er her light step pressed the sod  
Sprang flowers of gorgeous dye.  
Thy daughters, Texas, are as fair  
As Eve in Paradise;

## To My Darling

---

Where'er they go, joy from its lair  
In ecstasy will rise.  
They spread the glories of the skies,  
And happiness and love;  
The hearts will leap, and bright grow eyes  
With light from realms above.

O, Texas ! There's no land like thou,  
Wherever I may roam,  
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,  
To thee, my native home.

Thy sons are worthy of their sires,  
Who died on freedom's field,  
They, too, aglow with kindred fires,  
The trusty steel will wield,  
Whene'er a haughty foe should dare  
To threaten our free land,  
To dangers they their bosoms bare  
And with a valiant hand  
They'll stem the tide of foeman's flood  
And raise the victor's cry;  
Or, like their sires, will spill their blood  
With smiling face and die.

O, Texas ! There's no land like thou,  
Wherever I may roam,  
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,  
To thee, my native home.

## To My Darling

---

In Columbia's diadem  
That crowns her noble brow,  
The brightest and the purest gem,  
O, Texas, that art thou.  
There is no land where'er we go  
Beneath the azure dome,  
Which can us greater glories show  
Than thou, my own sweet home.  
Thy blooming vales with blessings beam,  
With storied wonders throng;  
They are the poets' fav'rite theme,  
The subject of their song.

O, Texas! There's no land like thou,  
Wherever I may roam,  
My life's best thoughts to thee I vow,  
To thee, my native home.

## To My Darling

---

### TRAVIS'S LAST ADDRESS.

The hour has come, the welcome hour,  
When we must give up life,  
And show the world how Texans die  
In Freedom's hallowed strife.  
No tyrant shall pollute these walls,  
As long as we can wield  
A rifle and a sabre keen,  
Within this gory field.  
Like Hale, one sad thought heaves my breast  
And grieves the heart of mine,  
That I have but one life to place  
On Freedom's holy shrine.

Oh, never shall the smiling sun  
E'er usher in the day,  
When Texans will, for fear of death,  
Shrink back from righteous fray.  
At Freedom's call, they leave their work,—  
They come from shop and field,  
Like adamant in fight they stand  
And ne'er to dangers yield.  
No tyrant can defile this soil  
And devastate the land,

## To My Darling

---

As long our waving flag is borne  
By one heroic hand.

But, lo! The rosy tints of morn  
Announce the blazing sun,  
Whose setting we shall never see;  
Our work will then be done.

Hark! The deguello's threatful notes  
Now strike my list'ning ear;  
Their message brings to valiant hearts  
No thrilling sense of fear.  
A last good-bye! A last farewell!  
We'll to the ramparts hie,  
Defending Freedom's holy cause,  
No Texan fears to die!

## To My Darling

---

### TRANSLATIONS.

#### LONGING FOR HOME.

(DIEFFENBACH.)

Though distant countries we may traverse,  
Reside upon remotest strand,—  
In deepest soul we'll hear resounding  
The magic song of *Fatherland!*

And e'en when years away have circled,  
And broken is the strongest band,—  
We feel our hearts are firmly blended  
With longing for our *Fatherland!*

And if our burden e'er be lightened  
By heavenly joy, where'er we stand,—  
We'll feel amid this joy of Eden,  
A longing for our *Fatherland!*

It firmly holds our souls enfettered  
Unto its weird and silent band,  
Until, at length, we have succeeded  
To our eternal *Fatherland.*

## To My Darling

---

### DEAR NATIVE LAND, GOOD-BYE.

(DISSELHOFF.)

Good-bye, thou my dear native land,  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
I now shall sail to foreign strand,  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
And so with cheerful heart I sing,  
Like people sing, when wandering;  
Dear native land, good-bye!

I see thy blue dome's smiling glee,  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
Thy greetings kind on field and lea;  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
God knows to thee my heart doth fly,  
To foreign land I yet must hie.  
Dear native land, good-bye!

Thou go'st with me, my river dear,  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
Thou'rt sad, that I must part from here,  
Dear native land, good-bye!  
From mossy stone at woody vale,  
I for the last time bid thee hail.  
My native land, good-bye.

## To My Darling

---

### FAREWELL SONG.

(KERNER.)

O pledge me the cup with the sparkling sweet  
wine!  
Farewell, I must part now, ye beloved ones  
mine;  
Farewell now, ye mountains, my fatherly  
home,  
Through far foreign countries my heart  
longs to roam.

The sun will not long on the heaven remain,  
He wanders o'er land and the billowy main;  
The waves do not cleave to their native white  
strand,  
The storms, they are rushing with force  
through the land.

The birds fly along with the hurrying cloud  
And sing in the distance their carols aloud;  
The wanderer roams through the countries  
with mirth  
To follow his mother, the wandering earth.

## To My Darling

---

The birds then will greet him o'er ocean's  
white foam,  
They came from the fields of his dear native  
home;  
The odorous flowers him lovingly hail  
As wafted from shore by the frolicsome  
gale.

Ah! well know the birds his paternal old  
place,  
The flowers he planted his dear one to grace;  
And love, too, will follow, with gentle, mild  
hand,  
To home she will change the far-off foreign  
land!

## To My Darling

---

### BEWARE OF THE RHINE.

(SIMROCK.)

To the Rhine, to the Rhine, go not to the  
Rhine,

My son, I counsel thee well.

Life passes there in too sunny a shine,  
Strange feelings thy bosom will swell.

There the maiden: are frank and the men  
are so free,

Like people of royal descent;

Thy soul all at once to the people will flee,  
Thou hailst it with perfect content.

And the castles will greet when thou pass't  
in thy flight,

And the place with the beautiful dome.

In the mountains thou'l<sup>t</sup> climb on the giddy  
height,

And view the silvery foam.

In the stream there the mermaid will greet  
thee amain,

And when thou her smiles didst behold,

## To My Darling

---

And heardst Lurly sing her bewitching sweet  
strain,

My son, then the charm is unfold.

So enchanting the strain, so bewitching the  
shine,

When Rapture holds thee in her arms;  
Forever thou'l sing of the Rhine, of the  
Rhine!

And home thou'l forget o'er Rhine's  
charms.

## To My Darling

---

### MOTHER AND CHILD.

(STURM.)

“O mother, why glisten so golden and clear  
The dark-brown eyes of sister dear?  
The golden balls glisten not half so bright  
On the Christmas-tree in the holy night!”

“That sister’s eyes glisten with golden sheen,  
Is caused by love, my child, I ween.  
Love dwells in her eyes, and its friendly  
beam  
Gives to eyes of sister their golden gleam.”

“I love you, dear mother, O quickly spy,  
If there’s a bright beam in my eye!”  
“They glisten like gold!” “And mother dear,  
Your eyes are like sunshine, so golden and  
clear.”

## To My Darling

---

### RECOGNITION.

(VOGL.)

A wanderer with a staff in his hand  
Comes home again from a foreign land;  
His hair is dusty, sunburnt his face;  
Who will be the first his features to trace?

He walks through the city's old well-known  
gate,  
At the toll-bar stands the tollman sedate.  
The tollman had been his trustiest friend,  
Quite often the goblet their souls did blend.  
But see,—friend tollman his features can't  
trace,  
The sun too deeply has darkened his face!

Then onward passes with a formal greet  
The wanderer, and shakes the dust from his  
feet.  
At a window he sees his loved one dear:  
"Thou lovely maiden, my heart gives thee  
cheer!"

## To My Darling

---

But see,—ne'er the maid his features can  
trace,  
Too deeply the sun has darkened his face.

Now onward along the street he then strolls,  
While over his brown cheek a tear-drop  
rolls.

There steps his mother through the church-  
yard-door,  
“God greets thee!”—he murmurs and noth-  
ing more.

But see,—the mother sobs aloud for joy,  
“My son!”—and drops in the arms of her  
boy.

How deeply the sun has darkened his face,  
The mother at once his features could trace!

## To My Darling

---

### HOW A MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR HER CHILD.

(STOLLE.)

The purest tone that through the world  
resounds,  
The purest beam that passes heaven's  
bounds,  
The holiest of flowers now abloom,  
The holiest of flames that lighten gloom,  
You only will find them where meek and mild  
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

Ah! many tears on this dark earth are shed,  
Before the golden sun of life has fled;  
And many angels wander here below  
Commanded to number our eye-drops' flow;  
Yet purest tears still flow, where meek and  
mild  
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

O see the cottage yonder still and low,  
And only lit by a dim candle's glow,  
So cheerless and forlorn it doth appear,  
And yet it is a place where God is near;

## To My Darling

---

For in this lowly cot, so meek and mild  
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

O boldly call it an illusion sweet,  
Because God's messengers our eyes ne'er  
greet;  
But firmly I believe the message true,  
Although it came from land beyond our  
view:  
His angels we will find, where meek and  
mild  
A mother sends up prayers for her child!

## To My Darling

---

### GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND- CHILD.

(CHAMISSO.)

Days, now distant, haunt me,  
Visit me like dreams.  
Daughter of my daughter,  
Gladness from thee gleams.  
Now, before the weary  
Seeks the silent shore,  
On thy fresh young beauty  
I my blessing pour.

I am weak and waning,  
Crowned with winter's snow,  
Was like thou so blithesome,  
Cheeks were all aglow.  
Loved, as thou now lovest,  
Was a blushing bride,  
Thou, too, wilt grow hoary,  
Lose thy youthful pride.

Bosom well thy feelings,  
Hide them safe from sight;

## To My Darling

---

Time will waste affection  
On its winged flight.  
Once I gave thee counsel,  
Did not speak amiss,  
Bliss we find in loving,  
Love alone is bliss.

When my love departed,  
In his grave was laid,  
Truly did I cherish  
Love's affections staid.  
Though my heart was breaking,  
Courage I maintained,  
'Mid the snow of winter  
Love's pure flames sustained.

Now, before the weary  
Seeks the silent shore,  
On thy fresh young beauty  
I my blessing pour:  
Is thy heart near breaking,  
Courage thou maintain;  
Love's affections linger,  
Mitigate thy pain.

## To My Darling

---

### FIT COMPANIONS.

(GOETHE.)

A little flower  
Of lovely array  
In early Spring-time  
A meadow made gay.

Unto its bosom  
A bee did flit,  
Oh surely, they must be  
Two companions fit.

## To My Darling

---

### FAIR-ROHTRAUT.

(MOERIKE.)

O name me king Ringang's daughter fair!  
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut!

She is not sewing and spinning, pray,  
What is she doing the livelong day?

She fishes and chases.

I wish I were her huntsman bold,  
Fishing and chasing give joy untold.

—Impatient heart, be still!

After a while it comes to pass,  
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut.

At Ringang's court the youth abides  
In hunter's dress a horse he strides  
To hunt with Fair-Rohtraut.

O that I were of royal name!  
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut my heart doth  
claim.

—Impatient heart, be still!

They rest now under an oaktree's shade,  
Then smiles Fair-Rohtraut:

Why viewest thou me so lovingly?

## To My Darling

---

Be bold, and kiss me heartily!  
Ah, the youth feels frightened!  
But then he thinks, 'tis granted me,  
And kisses Fair-Rohtraut with great glee.  
—Impatient heart, be still!

Ah, silently they then rode home,  
Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut!  
The youth exults in his heart's glee;  
Shouldst thou to-day an empress be,  
I would not be mourning.  
Ye thousand leaves of the forest know:  
I kissed Fair-Rohtraut's lips aglow!  
—Impatient heart, be still!

## To My Darling

---

### SONG.

(HEINE.)

Once an image sweet and lovely,  
Filled my life with splendor bright;  
But the lovely image vanished  
And left me to dreary night.

When the children are in darkness,  
Evil phantoms on them throng,  
And to free their minds from anguish,  
They will sing a joyous song.

Now, like children, I am singing  
In the night so dark and drear,  
Though the tunes are not amusing,  
Still they freed my heart from fear.

## To My Darling

---

### SIGHING FOR SPRING.

(PLATEN.)

The heaven is so clear and blue,  
O, that the earth were green!  
Cold blasts the winter's chill renew;  
How shimmers the snow! O were it dew!  
O, that the earth were green!

## To My Darling

---

### BIRDIE'S QUESTION.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

“Art thou here? Art thou here?”  
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!  
Fair spring is now here;  
Vanished at last have ice and snow,  
The sea reflects the sun’s bright glow;  
The fields are green,  
Snow-drops are seen.  
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!  
Fair spring is now here.

“Art thou here? Art thou here?”  
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!  
Fair spring is now here.  
On her behest now build thy nest—  
With leaves the woods will soon be blest,  
Spring will adorn  
With bloom the thorn.  
Yes, yes, my birdie dear!  
Fair spring is now here.

## To My Darling

---

### PRAISE OF SPRING.

(UHLAND.)

Fields of green, violets fair,  
Sky-lark's warbling, blackbird's lay,  
Sun and rain and balmy air!

When such words of joy I sing,  
Is there need of greater thing,  
To extol thee, vernal day?

## To My Darling

---

### NEW-BORN SPRING.

(BODENSTEDT.)

When the new-born spring the mount ascends  
And the snow melts under sun's warm cheer,  
When the tender bud its cover rends,  
And the first young leaves on trees appear—

When have given way  
To the sunny ray

Winter's anguish and the misty spray,  
Then from hill to dell  
Tuneful carols ring;  
O, how genial  
Is the new-born spring!

When the glaciers yield to sun's hot rays,  
And from mountains high fresh fountains  
bound

When the first young birds the meadows  
grace,

And the woods with joyous songs resound—  
Zephyrs soft and sweet  
The green meadows greet,  
And the heavens smile with joy replete;

## To My Darling

---

Then from hill to dell  
Tuneful carols ring;  
O, how genial  
Is the new-born spring.

Was it not in new-born spring-time mild,  
When my heart thy heart by love restrained,  
And from thee, thou wondrous lovely child,  
I the first long kiss of love obtained?

Through the woods around  
Joyous songs did sound,  
From the mountains high did fountains  
bound—  
And from hill to dell  
Did the carols ring:  
O, how genial  
Is the new-born spring.

## To My Darling

---

### MAYBELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

(HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

The Maybells in the sunny vale  
Are chiming loud and clear:  
O come and dance, we bid you hail,  
O come, ye flowers dear!

The flowers red and white and blue,  
They come, who could decline?  
Forget-me-not and Meadow-rue,  
Speedwell and Columbine.

The Maybells play a merry tune,  
And then all join in dance;  
Her silver beam sends down the moon  
With a propitious glance.

Quite grieved at this felt Mr. Rime,  
He went into the vale,  
He stopped the Maybell's merry chime,  
The flowers left the dale.

But broken soon was Rime's ill spell,  
Then with their merry chime

## To My Darling

---

The Maybells fill again the dell,  
Proclaim the festive time.

'At home I can no longer stay,  
I hear the Maybells call;  
The flowers move in dances gay,  
I go to join the ball.

## To My Darling

---

### MAY-SONG.

(GOETHE.)

How gleam with splendor  
The sun and lea,  
Nature is smiling  
Where'er I see!

Teeming with blossoms  
Is ev'ry spray,  
With thousand voices  
The copse is gay!

And filled each bosom  
With joy and mirth.  
O bliss! O rapture!  
O sun! O earth!

O love supernal,  
So golden bright,  
Like clouds at morning  
On yonder height!

With bliss thou fillest  
The virgin field,

## To My Darling

---

Now plains and meadows  
Their treasures yield.

O maiden, maiden,  
How I love thee!  
How thy eyes glisten!  
How thou lov'st me!

So love the sky-larks  
Sweet tunes and air,  
And morning-flowers  
The sun's first glare.

As I adore thee  
With warm desire,  
Who gives me gladness  
And youth and fire.

For merry dances,  
New songs of glee!  
Be ever happy!  
How thou lov'st me!

## To My Darling

---

### THE HAZE.

(LENAU.)

Thou misty haze, why hide from sight  
The valley and the stream,  
The mountain with its greenwood bright,  
And ev'ry sunny beam.

But while thou hid'st in thy domain  
The earth's glad hill and stream,  
Conceal as well what gives me pain,  
And ev'ry youthful dream.

## To My Darling

---

### THE OAKWOOD.

(LENAU.)

Into a gloomy oakwood's bowers  
I stepped, and there heard soft and mild  
A brooklet's voice among the flowers,  
Like prayers of a little child.

And I was seized with solemn feeling  
The oaks did mystically sigh,  
As if they were glad news revealing  
Which yet my heart should not descry.

As if they would unfold a story  
Of God's great love and potent will;  
But filled with awe of Heaven's glory,  
Now suddenly their voice grew still.

## To My Darling

---

### BREVITIES.

#### WORK AND PLAY.

There's time for work and time for play,  
There's time to be happy and gay.  
Stick to your work and conquer things,  
For life is short and time has wings.

## To My Darling

---

### A TELEGRAM.

#### (To a Wedding.)

Where'er your feet may chance to roam,  
Sweet love shall ever bless your home.  
Where'er you dwell there purest joy  
Shall cling to you without alloy.

## To My Darling

---

### LOVE.

(STORM.)

Ah, love is like a cradle-song,  
It lulls us with its tone,  
We fall asleep, then stops the song,  
And we awake alone.

## To My Darling

---

### DETERMINATION.

(HALM.)

I will!—This word is mighty,  
If one speaks firm and still.  
It tears the stars from heaven,  
This single word:—I will!

## To My Darling

---

### FROM LOGAU.

#### 1. Eyes, Ears, And Mouth.

Eyes and ears, these are the windows  
And the mouth the portal small;  
If these op'nings be well guarded,  
Nothing shall pollute the hall!

#### 2. The Best Medicine.

Temperance, joy and sweet repose,  
At the doctor the door will close.

#### 3. Enemies.

Hatred, or love, or fear, or gain, surely  
we must often blame,  
When we walk not in virtue's paths and  
often purchase shame!

#### 4. Lending Money.

He who has great wealth to lend,  
Will quite often lose a friend;  
For his friends will him forsake,  
If he back the money take.

#### 5. Miser and Pig.

A miser and a pig well fed  
Are useful first when they are dead.

FROM RUECKERT.

1. Industry.

Should sometimes at one's portal hunger  
show his face,  
Then industry at once will chase him from  
the place.

2. Carelessness.

A century it took to form the sturdy oaks,  
In one short hour we fell these trees by  
little strokes.

3. Bad Books.

Bad Books are those that no true pleasure  
bring,  
Though something they contain to which  
we cling.

4. Praise.

Should you lack courage to traduce the  
brave,  
Then overload with praise the crafty  
knaves.

## To My Darling

---

### 5. Censure.

Censure always causes pain, but pungent  
is the woe,  
When one to himself must say: you well  
deserve the blow.

### 6. The Rich and the Poor.

The wealthy find a home wherever they  
may roam;  
The poor are alienates within their native  
home.

((THE END.))



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